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George Dangerfield Reviews CHURCHILL'S "THE NEW WORLD"

THE Nation

DECEMBER 1, 1956
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What Price the Western Alliance?

A Briton Warns the United States

by Geoffrey Barraclough

Seven in Death Row

by J. V. and L. L. Hopkins

Courage in Action

On a Florida Newspaper

by Dora Byron

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LETTERS

Salk Vaccine: Unproven

Dear Sirs: In the excellent article, Why The Dimes March On, in *The Nation* for Nov. 3, Mr. Eric Josephson says, among other things: "The battle against polio is now in the mopping-up stage. . . . Americans have practically licked polio." Unfortunately, these optimistic statements are not true, and it is to be feared that Mr. Josephson has himself been unknowingly deceived by the "hucksterism" and the "exaggerated claims for the vaccine's effectiveness" which he justifiably deplores.

There is at present no valid evidence for the conclusion that the Salk vaccine has any great preventive value against paralytic poliomyelitis. As of July of this year even the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis did not claim more than 75 per cent effectiveness for it, and their evidence was far from justifying even that claim. Yet on September 29, the United States Public Health Service said that three Salk shots have proved 100 per cent effective so far this year. During the localized Chicago West Side epidemic from June to September of this year, the public health authorities of Chicago and the Cook County Chapter of the N.F.I.P. repeatedly issued the statement that "not a single case of paralytic polio has occurred in any one who had received all three shots of Salk vaccine." But at no time did they say how many, *if any*, of the children in the affected area had received all three injections; and without the answer to this question the quoted statement had no significance whatever.

In spite of repeated requests for an answer to the question as to whether *any* child in the affected area had received all three injections of vaccine, it was not possible to get a straight answer until October 26, at which time I was informed by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis that no one knew. But if no one knew, then the quoted statement, which was obviously an implication that the vaccine was of value, should not have been made at all.

Incidentally, as of ten days ago the United States Public Health Service had reported that there had been twelve cases of paralytic polio in those who had received all three injections.

To urge people to have their children vaccinated in order to help test the vaccine, is one thing, and a praiseworthy one. To induce them to have their children vaccinated by assuring them that the vaccine has been proved to be of value is simply not honest.

ERNEST B. ZEISLER, M.D.
Chicago, Ill.

Defeat's Gray Morning

Dear Sirs: For those Democrats still not deafened by the hallelujahs of Republicans in ecstasy, it remains small consolation to be told that you cannot defeat a huckster's myth with a mere mortal man. To be sure, those who followed the major campaign speeches must have felt the tangible difference between the confidence of Eisenhower's optimism concerning peace and prosperity, solidly and deeply rooted in the inexhaustible funds of his party, and the self-conscious confidence of Stevenson's criticisms, floating precariously between appeals for funds for the party. Americans like to identify with their optimistic rich.

But was this really the major difference which elected Eisenhower? Or did the small but sturdy fire of war suddenly crackling in the Middle East, and licking through the satellite nations on the borders of Russia, make Eisenhower's bland self-assurance seem safer at a moment of crisis than Stevenson's better brain and better grasp of ideas? If the latter, then our national immaturity carries suicidal tendencies, and must bring cold refuge to our allies in the gray morning of Stevenson's defeat.

I raise these questions, as all liberal Democrats must, because we now move swiftly into crucial weeks under the leadership of a man whose mind (at least in public display) moves sluggishly among blunt-edged platitudes while our alliances collapse, and Russia steps boldly in our direction. And the unanswerable question left over from the election is still how it was possible for so many intelligent Americans (so many of one's friends, even) to listen to both candidates and to choose Eisenhower. One runs back through the major issues of the campaign, domestic and international, and one remembers the quality of mind of the two men in their responses. One remembers Eisenhower's boyish elation turning to the adolescent gravity of his "this is a solemn moment," in the early hours of November 7, surrounded by Mamie, Pat, and Dick. And one remembers the bleak look on John Fell Stevenson's face, but the intellectual, emotional, and moral stature of his father at the moment of conceded defeat.

DAVID L. STEVENSON
Cleveland, Ohio

P. S. I am no relation to Adlai, alas!

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1956
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Editorials

The Use of American Power

Many of the present critics of the Administration's policy of using the U. N. as its main reliance in dealing with the world crisis were themselves advocating precisely this policy not so long ago. The critics who yesterday chastised Mr. Dulles for reckless "brinkmanship" are today attacking him, with equal or greater severity, for having attempted to save Britain and France from an act of folly. Yesterday they took the Administration to task for neglecting opportunities for effective moral leadership; today they urge it to make a direct, unilateral application of American power. Even when they concede that the Administration's present policy is morally impeccable and legally exemplary, they reject it on the ground of expediency; it just won't work, they say.

Frankly we do not know whether the Administration's policy will succeed or not; admittedly it is a touch-and-go affair. But it has a better chance of success, in our view, than the alternatives which have been proposed. For what the criticism boils down to is this: if the Russians bypass the U. N. and Washington does not, the Kremlin can exploit U. S. adherence to the Charter as a shield or cover for its own power gambits. As part of the same criticism, it is suggested that by publicly renouncing the use of force as an instrument of national policy, we make it possible for the Soviet Union to take advantage of us. But the alternative to using the U. N. as America's main reliance is not the unilateral application of force; the Administration is attempting to secure the added strength of world opinion for the indirect application of American power through the U. N. As a practical matter, the unilateral use or threat of force is ruled out, since neither of the two great powers dares to challenge the other directly under circumstances that might well lead to World War III. Serving ultimatums and conducting "reprisal" raids is a tactic reserved for the lesser powers.

Furthermore, the only way the Administration can proceed with the Middle East aspect of the crisis without becoming directly involved in the ruinous decisions of Britain and France, or jeopardizing the security of Israel, or alienating the Asian-African bloc, is to place American power behind the U. N. This does not mean that the U. N. is or should be the sole reliance of the Administration; military forces have been deployed and precautionary measures have been taken. Nor does it imply that the application of the policy has been flawless; the Administration must test each phase as it is applied. Nor does the policy necessarily restrict initiatives for peace only to those which can be presented to or through the U. N. While continuing to act through the world organization, the Administration should explore, as Mr. Eric Johnston and others have suggested, the possibility of offering to withdraw American troops from Europe provided the Soviet Union withdraws theirs from the satellite states. What we are saying is that threats of force must have the backing of the U. N. or this country will jeopardize the moral leadership of world opinion which it has acquired by its recent conduct. If American power is to be used to back any mandate, that mandate must be U. N.-sanctioned.

For some reason, the Administration's major critics are much better at spotting failures than in recognizing new opportunities for effective leadership. In this issue, Geoffrey Barraclough challenges these critics to recognize the contours of a new world situation (p. 473). The structure of power relations of the cold-war years is collapsing; it can no more be restored than the Soviets can reverse the consequences of "de-Stalinization." The breakup of this structure creates opportunities for new initiatives for peace and freedom. It also frees American policy from commitments which have consistently hampered its effectiveness throughout the post-war period.

Glubb Pasha On the Arab Mind

Lieut. Gen. Sir John Bagot Glubb's article on the Arab mind in the *New York Times Magazine* (November 18)—Sir John organized the Arab Legion of Jordan and for nearly four decades has been a romantic "outpost of empire" figure in the Moslem world—suggests two fascinating but contradictory explanations for the debacle of British policy in the Middle East. In his summary, the author argues that the Arabs are "proud, touchy, volatile, generous and emotional." But if British policy was based on this appraisal, then it would be difficult to imagine action more likely to

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give lasting offense to such a people than the attempted seizure of Suez by force. Nevertheless, it is possible that British policy *was* based, to some degree, on the acceptance of broad generalizations of the kind in which Sir John indulges. For example, one learns from him that the Mediterranean Arabs are by temperament unable to compromise; that common sense is foreign to their nature; that they are unreliable; that they actually profess to believe that "both politics and international relations are governed by self-interest alone." In all fairness it should be noted that Sir John does find many Arabs to be "charming"; in fact, some of his best friends are Arabs.

Our Gray, 21-Inch Lives

The brave new world of television has decided that the Sacco-Vanzetti case, now thirty-six years old, is too controversial for present-day viewing. *Variety* reports that a TV presentation of *The Male Animal,* by James Thurber and Elliot Nugent, has been turned down by two shows due to sponsors' misgivings about the play's leading character reading the famous letters of the condemned men to an English class.

The Male Animal has already been a distinguished Broadway play and a distinguished Hollywood movie. The scene in which the teacher (Henry Fonda) reads from the Sacco and Vanzetti letters as a fine example of English prose—despite the risk of losing his job for being a "radical"—is a moving and perennially vital depiction of the individual freedom that stands for the best of what our country is. If the world of the 21-inch screen is not big enough for *The Male Animal*—for Sacco and Vanzetti—it is indeed as small as its most violent critics imagine. The danger involved in all this is that our "sponsored" lives, shielded from the memory of matters "too hot" or too big, will shrink in size to the square, gray area of the television screen.

Visas for the Wounded

The Administration is to be commended for making every effort to expedite the approval of visas for Hungarian refugees—there are 70,000 or more in Austria—before the Refugee Relief Act expires on December 31. But if, given the procedures of the McCarran-Walter Act, as many as 5,000 receive visas by that date it will be something of a miracle. Fortunately, in this instance, Representative Francis Walter was on hand to give assurances that "log-jams" would be broken and red tape cut. Standing in Friedrich Schmidt Platz in Vienna, an eye-witness of the great human tragedy symbolized by the milling refugees, Mr. Walter may have been moved to some second thoughts on the need for revising the act that bears his name. Before his return to his country, he was quoted as saying that he doubted that there are "many" subversives among the refugees. "When they come with wounds," he said, "they don't have to show much more evidence that they are anti-Communist." All the same, it took the personal intervention of Mr. Walter and General Joseph M. Swing, chief of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, to get the first plane-load of forty-one refugees off the ground. Even if the flow of refugees is quickened, prompt revision of the McCarran-Walter Act should be one of the first goals of the new Congress.

At Andau, in the Austro-Hungarian frontier swamp area through which thousands of refugees have escaped, Mr. Walter watched a Soviet soldier shoot one of them down. "A terrifying example of medieval brutality," he said. Later he announced that he was in favor of using "all of the 17,000 admissions which Congress is committed to use."

The Absolute Utmost

For those who thought that the superlatives of the entertainment industry had all been used, and that there was nothing new to say in praise under the sun, the producers of Michael Todd's movie *Around the World In Eighty Days* have presented a full page of testimony in the *New York Times* which shows that our picture-praisers of the past were playing the game with one arm tied behind them. The sum of these quotes in praise of *Eighty Days* is not merely that the picture offers entertainment, but at the very least, human salvation. The screaming headline says bluntly that "'Michael Todd's show makes this a better world'—Mark Barron, *Associated Press.*" The National Board of Review declares simply: "The human race has never before seen entertainment such as this." Sophocles? A piker. Shakespeare? Don't be silly.

Of course there were some reviewers who resorted to the old "colossal" name-calling, but even these had the good sense to make up new names—e.g., "'Magna-gorgeous'—*Christian Science Monitor.*" The New York *World-Telegram and Sun,* finding language inadequate, settled on "WHEE-EEEE." Max Leibman, an old spectacular-maker himself, judged it "the miracle of miracles." And out of the simpler past, when elephants and bareback riders could hold an audience spellbound, came the judgment of John Ringling North: "I'm overwhelmed."

So are we.

They Honor Another Spain

Two recent events—the awarding of a Nobel Prize to Spanish poet Juan Ramon Jimenez and the death of Spanish novelist Pio Baroja—constitute an ironic footnote to Franco Spain's entry, this year, into the United Nations. "In conferring the Nobel Prize on Jimenez," declared Andres Osterling, secretary of the Swedish Academy of Literature, "we honored Garcia Lorca and Antonio Machado, who were his pupils." Lorca, per-

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haps Spain's greatest modern poet, was murdered by Franco's supporters; Machado crossed the border into France at the end of the Civil War and died shortly afterward, equally a victim of the Fascist triumph. As for Jimenez, shortly before the outbreak of the Civil War he said in a lecture entitled "Poetical Policy": "We are all born of the people. . . . In great and popular poetry is our union, our community of spirit. The men of politics who have the responsibility of leading the nation must be impregnated with this profound poetry in which can be found peace for the Fatherland." Franco quite obviously did not share Jimenez's thoughts; by the end of the war all of Spain's best poets were dead, imprisoned or in exile. During the first weeks of the war, Jimenez stayed in Madrid, making himself useful to the Republican cause in what ways he could. He used to collect homeless children in the streets and bring them to his apartment, where he read to them, and fed them when he had food. Now he lives in Puerto Rico with his wife, who is gravely ill.

Pio Baroja, for years one of Spain's most controversial writers, died in Madrid at the age of eighty-three. As a man of letters, he was revolutionary until his death; in his political philosophy, he was individualistic rather than revolutionary. His early works had an anarchistic flavor; in *Paradox King,* written shortly after the Spanish-American War, he attacked militarism and extreme Catholicism; in *Struggle for Life,* a trilogy, he chronicled human misery in a forceful, almost brutal style remindful of Gorki. He hated everything that had to do with the conventional, with conformity. Yet, unlike Pablo Casals, who although he never pretended to be a rebel, rebelled against the Franco tyranny, Baroja stayed on in Spain. A few years ago, he said: "I have been . . . an individualist and liberal, which is to say, apolitical. I have not avoided my political responsibility, for I have none." But if Baroja the man denied political responsibility, Baroja the writer did not, and Franco can take little comfort from his writings.

IT'S A WORKERS' POLAND

No More "Nonsense Economy" . . by CLAUDE BOURDET

Warsaw

"THIS," said the Polish radio on the day of Gomulka's accession to power, "is our springtime in October." Indeed, there is a youthful exuberance in all sectors of political and economic life since the heavy hand of the Moscow-trained and Moscow-subservient bureaucracy has been lifted. New men everywhere have been coming into positions of influence, not as a result of a *coup d'etat* from above, but as a consequence of numerous local battles led by the rank-and-file of the workers against the "powers that were."

Agitation among the workers started some time after it did among the intellectuals (where the first signs of the new revolution can be traced back to 1954 and Wyasik's *Poem for Adults,* a bitter satire on an economy which forgot its purpose: man.) But the workers were not slow in grasping the implications of the Twentieth Congress and especially of the Khrushchev report, which was printed and circulated in Poland before it was published elsewhere in Europe or in the United States.

Poles—and Polish Communists—had never relinquished their freedom to speak (and to criticize). But this new trend in the USSR gave them a freedom which changed the political climate entirely. Weeklies like the students' newspaper, *Po Prostu,* the economic weekly, *Zycie Gospodarcze* (*Economic Life*) and the intellectuals' newspapers began denouncing what is referred to nowadays as "The Economy of Nonsense."

One story, printed a few months ago by *Economic Life,* reads like something out of Edward Lear's *Book of Nonsense.* Here is the whole tale, briefly. In 1949, the Six-Year Plan for the remodelling of Polish economy was started. Under the influence of Russian Zhdanovism, an oversize Polish fishery industry was projected; a fleet of deep-water ships was to be built for the North Atlantic fishing grounds. Actually, a huge freezing station was built in Swinojuscie, near Stettin, as far West as possible. But the fleet was never built, because the outbreak of the Korean war in 1950 led to a switch-over to the building of armaments.

However, the 1949 plan "had" to be fulfilled, both because of propaganda considerations and because—as in all Communist states—payment is made in the measure that "targets" are attained. So, with no deep-water ships, the fishermen went out into the Baltic Sea with their ordinary flotillas to fulfill their tonnage quotas. And instead of fishing for salmon, which is plentiful near the Polish coast, they went after cod and other low-quality fish which could give them the tonnage they could not have got with salmon.

But salmon sells easily—cod does not. They tried to preserve the catch. Half the fish travelled some 200 miles from the Baltic fishing port of Wladislovow to Swinojuscie where the big freezer was, and half the ice made in the freezer travelled back to preserve the other half of the

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catch. There is a saying in Poland today that "Polish fish travels farther after its death on land, than alive under water."

In such circumstances, a lot of the fish was spoiled. The population refused it; it couldn't even be sold to the fish-meal industry because the prices fixed by the plan for such sales were too low to allow the fishermen to cover costs. So much of the fish was fed to pigs around Wladislovow—or buried in the ground. *Economic Life* says the operation cost the Polish economy 19 million zlotys in 1954 and 15 million in 1955. This is nearly $1,500,000—a lot for a poor country.

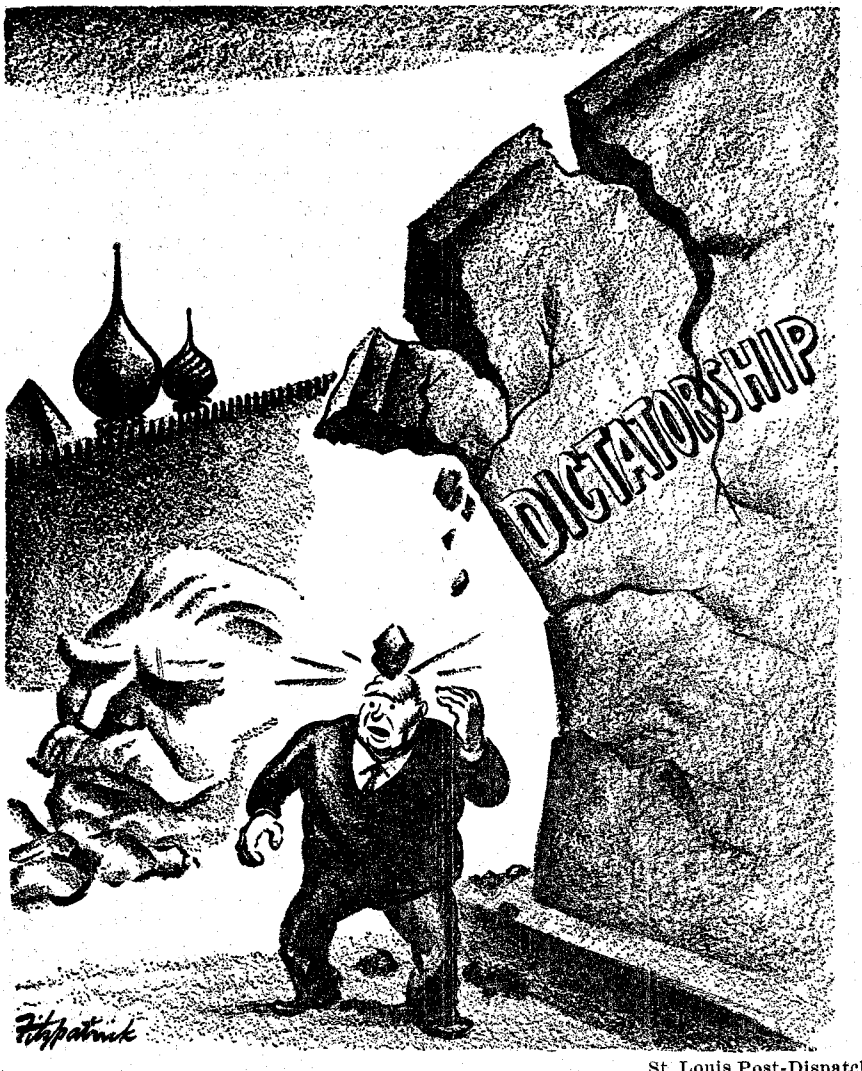
Whose fault was it? Not the fault of socialism as such; an American friend of mine told me once a glorious tale of tuna fisheries off the Atlantic coast in which millions of dollars were sunk without result because people had forgotten that the elusive tuna refuse to be fished where the fisheries had been planned.

But what is a minor loss for wealthy America—or even Russia—is a calamity for a poor country like Poland. And there were many such calamities. The causes, in the "fish" question and in many others, are easy to trace. First, over-ambitious planning due to Russian influence—(yet the plan could have been fulfilled if military policy under Russian influence had not caused a switch in investments). Then the rigid execution of the original blueprint, the bureaucracy, the bonus system and its reliance on attainment of targets in tonnage, were the last straw or straws. Many protests were made by responsible officials, I was told, but neither the rank-and-file of the workers nor the technical experts could influence the party and government bureaucracy, whose power was finally dependent, not on the Polish people, but on Soviet Russia.

The bureaucracy kept on planning happily, but the economy was gradually coming to a standstill. Compulsive collective farming, although on a small scale (some 10-12 per cent), and the interference of local party bosses, had reduced the peasants to a state of sullen non-cooperation. The reckless enforcement of the investment plans whatever the circumstances, the switch to military investments (reducing consumer-goods production), had created by 1953 a situation of dramatic poverty for the individual worker and a reluctance in him to work which was, again, a factor of economic decline.

The workers themselves were the best witnesses of the stupidity of the system, and I was told many stories by local Communists which run very much like the "fish" story. Stalin's death and the gradual change in Soviet Russia, followed by the Twentieth Congress, were the signals for the gradual awakening of the Polish workers. Now they are in the front line of the struggle. The most popular man in Poland—apart from Gomulka—is probably a twenty-five year old, tall and lanky automobile worker of the Zeran auto factory in Warsaw, Gozdzik. He is the secretary of the Zeran section of the Polish United Workers (Communist) Party. His teams of "activists" from the Zeran works, mostly youths about his age, were not only the heart of pro-Gomulka agitation in Warsaw long before the history-making days of October 19 and 20; they have also played an active part in calling back to life the working class of many other cities. The "gozdziki," as they were immediately nicknamed, have been roaming all over the country, telling factory, peasant and white-collar workers alike the startling news that Polish socialism—at long last—is in the hands of Poles!

And Gozdzik has not been a solitary case—workers committees have sprung up like mushrooms everywhere, organizing mass meetings for Gomulka in the days before October



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

And the Pedestal, Too?

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19, criticizing the Stalinist leadership of local party and trade-union branches and forcing them to resign, and taking the management of the works in their own hands.

A movement originated by these committees and quickly approved and endorsed by the new Gomulka administration, has done away with the old bureaucratic planning and management system. Now managers are chosen by common agreement by the responsible minister *and* a managing council elected by the factory personnel. The managing council, in agreement with the local union, is also responsible for wages.

The management of each firm gets new freedom and elbow-room. Instead of getting its projects "cooked in Warsaw" to the smallest detail, it will only have a general planning framework, and will have to deal directly with other firms to carry out the planning. Already, after a single fortnight's time, the changes have brought tremendous improvement in some places—for instance, a factory employing many women (some 80 per cent) and which had never been able to get anywhere near the planning target, although the women worked six days a week, has reached its production goal in five days since a "workers council" has taken over the management. The women had simply been tired out with long transport and homework. Now they travel less to and fro and use the sixth day for washing instead—they are in better condition and do their work (constructing radios) quicker. Poland is full of stories like that.

It seems that the peasants are just as happy about things as the workers. Gomulka was always opposed to the Zhdanov kind of compulsory collective farming; some of his friends and advisers have told me that only efficient collective farms will be kept—and in any case, no more compulsion will be used. These people remind me that Poland had a long tradition of voluntary agricultural co-ops on the Scandinavian model. These were broken up by the Stalinists in 1949 because they were supposed to be "reactionary" in the eyes of Zhdanov ideologists. They were, I was told, just the contrary: the best possible school for voluntary collective economy. They will be revived, and there are signs that a really progressive movement can be quickly organized among the peasants. This brings us to a crucial question: can a Socialist state encourage a large amount of democracy, and yet keep its agriculture dominantly individual? Polish Communists believe so.

WHAT PRICE ALLIANCE?

A Briton Warns the U.S. . . by GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH

London

THE IMMEDIATE crisis unleashed by the Anglo-French aggression against Egypt is over. Dangers and problems remain; and even the withdrawal of English and French troops from Egypt, if it can be enforced, will not suffice to exorcise the devils Eden and Mollet have loosed. But the fear of a Third World War has receded, and the whole world has heaved a mighty sigh of relief. The studied English affront to the United States is receding into the background like a bad dream, and already voices on both sides of the Atlantic are busy proclaiming "back to normal." The Presidential election is safely behind us: cannot we forgive and forget? The Russians, as usual, have done their best to help. Hungary has driven Suez from the headlines of the daily papers. And now the wonderful story of 3,000 Soviet aircraft descending upon the Middle East like a biblical swarm of locusts is put about to curdle our blood. Every schoolboy knows that there are no airfields to take them; but it is an admirable smoke screen for concealing Anglo-French maneuvres. England only just struck in time, Eden hints; a few days more and the whole Middle East would have been in Russian hands. Perhaps, after all, a little appeasement would be a good thing.

That, very roughly, is the position a week after the acceptance of the United Nations' plan for ending the fighting. It is a very natural reaction. Shock, horror, indignation, get us nowhere. American policy, European commentators think, has come round to "a more realistic appreciation" of the situation. It all depends, Americans may reply, what you in Europe mean by "realistic." Certainly it is urgently necessary, now that the Presidential election is settled, for the United States to take stock and look to the future. The American people have, at least, decisively rejected Mr. Stevenson's hysterical attacks upon the Administration's foreign policy; and that is a start. The real question is whether the perspective upon which calculations are based, is large enough. "You cannot unscramble eggs" is one of the first rules of policy; and the first thing is to see how many eggs Eden and Mollet have left unbroken. "Back to normal" sounds fine—if the conditions for normality survive. Only a longer view can show whether they do; and that is what is attempted here. The Suez aggression was not an episode, a transient fit of English madness; it was the culmination of an evolution. That, basically, is why it cannot be patched up, even if we want to patch it up. What is required is

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agonizing reappraisal; and the question is whether the State Department and American opinion are ready for it.

THE FIRST fact, as it appears from London, is that American policy has been based on a well-meant illusion—the illusion of a real Anglo-American community of interests. That view was sound enough from an American point of view, in the post-war years, when the issue was to put new life into Western Europe and halt the imminent spread of communism to the shores of the Atlantic. It has become ever less valid as the European countries have got onto their own legs and rediscovered their own (supposed) "interests." Now all the different tails—the German tail, the French tail, the British tail—of the multi-tailed animal are busy wagging the American dog. Looking back, it is evident that the turning-point came with the struggle in the spring of 1955 for the ratification of the Paris Agreement. The result was a victory for American diplomacy; but we can see today that it was a hollow victory. An effective German army is as far off as ever, and with changes in strategic conceptions is no longer even seriously wanted; but rearmament amounted to a victory for German Nationalists and Revisionists which has undermined the Adenauer government and will bring it down at the next election, with results in a heightening of international tension which nobody would dare to foretell. More serious, but less noticed at the time, was the price paid to France for adhesion. This was, quite simply, support for France in North Africa—support formally promised in behalf of England by Gladwyn Jebb on April 19, 1955. It fitted in well with British interests, since England then was—and continues to be—involved in similar colonial disputes in Cyprus. The result was at least a tacit Anglo-French colonial agreement, but more probably a secret imperialist alliance, the fruits of which are now visible to the whole world.

It would be ridiculous to assert that any of this was hidden from the State Department. The question rather was, and is, whether the game was worth the candle; in other words, whether the Western Alliance is so necessary to American security that the United States must put up with the ambitions of its allies in the conviction that it could always restrain them at the crucial moment. Evidently Mr. Dulles decided then that it was. Are he and the President having second thoughts today? American inability to exercise effective restraint is now obvious. But do the requirements of the situation necessitate the continuation of the policy of which this was merely a corollary? Looked at in larger perspective, it has become clear that Secretary Dulles has paid too little heed, out of loyalty to his allies of the past, to the radical changes in the international atmosphere which have been the mark of the last eighteen months. We may admire his sentiments, and yet deplore their results; he should have remembered the old Hapsburg axiom that there is no gratitude in politics.

The Anglo-French aggression in the Middle East is the result of the cynical discovery that the nuclear weapon has crippled the two remaining great powers. Second- and third-rate powers, France and Israel and England, may fight with impunity: Russia will not intervene for fear of provoking the United States, and the United States will not intervene for fear of provoking Russia. If England and France are allowed to get away with it this time, everything points to a chain-reaction. The first result of a "localized" war in Egypt has been a "localized" war in Hungary. Who can doubt that the next, once Adenauer has gone, will be another "localized" war to enable the Germans to "recover" the "Eastern territories" acquired at Poland's expense in the past? But in the long run the consequences in Asia may be more significant still. If America stands aside in isolation and lets England and France get away with it, with no more than a verbal gesture of disapproval, still more if it condones a "compromise" over Suez, the repercussions throughout Asia and Africa will be immense and America's position in world affairs will be shaken for years to come. America, in fact, stands at a crossroads, when not to act is to be knocked down by the oncoming steamroller.

And yet the opportunities for decisive American action could not be better. All the weaknesses in the British Commonwealth have been brought to light by the Anglo-French aggression. It is already rumored that India will leave the Commonwealth; Pakistan has made a similar threat; Canada is clearly ill at ease; even Australia at first declined to support British action, though retrospectively the whipping boy, Menzies, called to heel over the telephone by Eden, did as he was told. The Baghdad Pact, so laboriously constructed, is falling to pieces; and how long will SEATO and the Manila Pact stand firm? Already British colonialism in Cyprus has reduced the Balkan Pact to a shadow; and now NATO itself is wobbling, as the thieves fall out and France, cheated of its promised booty, pours out angry recriminations against England for feebly agreeing to a cease-fire. Everywhere, in short, involvement with the imperialist powers, and consequent suspicion of American motives, is undermining the cherished objectives of American policy.

THIS involvement, as we have seen, came about as a result of the American decision, around 1947, to bolster up Western Europe against Russia. It was then a wise decision, but today the threat to Western Europe from Russia is nil. Events in Poland and Hungary, and their repercussions in the other statellites, have put a different complexion on affairs. The Kremlin has enough on its hands, in its own sphere and in the Middle East, without embarking on adventures in Western Europe as well. Is it not time for the United States to draw the consequences? It would take us too far to discuss the great strategic changes which have made NATO an obsolescent conception; but the political prospects opening out for American policy, now that the Administration's eyes have been opened, are exciting enough. First of all, it should keep its eye firmly fixed on Asia; for it is there,

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and not in Europe, that the future lies. But the blow dealt to the British Commonwealth and Empire by the Eden government means that the new, non-colonial Asia, which was bound to come, will be with us quicker than anyone could foresee. This fact alone requires a reshaping of American policy. Secondly, it is time for a re-thinking of America's attitude towards the "uncommitted" nations, whose numbers are growing in fact, if not in theory. Poland is a case in point. Though still a member of the Warsaw Pact, its actual position in international affairs is now not very different from that of Yugoslavia. In spite of the setback in Hungary, we may soon see in Central Europe what statesmen on both sides have refused to contemplate—a belt of "neutral" states stretching from the Baltic to the Adriatic.

HERE AGAIN, on two conditions, American policy has great opportunities. The first is to desist from the effort to "win them over"—a policy which can only breed suspicion and is almost certainly bound to fail—and instead to treat them as a stable factor in the new situation, respecting their status and their own conception of their role.

The second is to dissociate the United States from the powers which are still pursuing an old-fashioned policy of "interests." If the United States appears in Europe as the sponsor of Western Germany, it will never achieve a new relationship with Poland or Hungary or Czechoslovakia; if it appears in Asia as the ally of England, its relations with India and Burma and Malaya will always be troubled. Anything which appears like staving up the tottering British imperialism will breed anti-American resentment throughout the Near East, the Middle East and the Far East. And, worse still, it can only prevent an evolution of American policy out of the past into the future.

The factor above all others that has prevented a forward evolution of American policy in recent months is fear of Russia, and the persistent belief that only an alliance between America, England and France can hold Russia and China in check. How long must this myth, which ignores the revolutionary strategic consequences of the hydrogen bomb, go on being perpetuated? Not the least of the long-range consequences of the Anglo-French aggression against Egypt was the opportunity it created for a better understanding between Washington and Moscow. For one moment, before Soviet troops returned to Budapest, it even seemed that the hope Russia held out of an evacuation of the popular democracies had removed one of the principal obstacles to the establishment of more normal relations. That hope events in Hungary have dashed, at least for the present, and no one would expect otherwise. But the Hungarian account is not yet closed; against all expectations, Hungarian resistance has already enforced substantial modifications of Russian policy; and if the new Hungarian prime minister succeeds, as he has promised, in negotiating a Soviet withdrawal, all will not have been lost.

IT IS easy—if we conveniently forget that American and British and French arms were already there—to work up hysteria over Soviet arms shipments to the Middle East; but the surprising feature, through the early stages at least, of the Suez crisis, was the studied moderation of Russian policy. Had the Kremlin wished to pursue a Machiavellian or even a Bismarckian line, self-interest would have told it to encourage France and England in order to profit from the resultant chaos in the Middle East. In fact, the policy it pursued in the first months of the crisis was different from that of the United States in tone and emphasis rather than in objective. And the reason is not difficult to understand. Today, even more than ten years ago, Russia and the United States stand out on another plane above the secondary powers, including England. In a period of "atomic stalemate and competitive coexistence" (to adopt the phrase coined by Lester Pearson) their interests, as the two leading world powers, are radically different from those of the empires-in-eclipse, which still cling desperately to the remnants of their vanished greatness, and are ready to involve the world in warfare for objectives in which nobody outside their own frontiers any longer really believes.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Desperate Gamble

WE DO not need to minimize the issues which divide America and Russia to see—as Roosevelt so acutely perceived—that neither belongs to the old world which has reared its head in a last dying convulsion at Suez. In social system and in human values, the Soviet Union and the United States are poles apart; but in international affairs, paradoxically enough, they have much in common. Above all else, both are attuned to a future in which Asia and the Moslem world will have a new part to play.

The alignment with England and France was introduced to strengthen the United States in its relations with Russia. A continuation of it under present circumstances can only result in weakening all along the line. Far from obtaining security, America evidently runs the risk of being drawn, step by step, into an interlocked chain of incidents culminating in general war. The advantages of the American alliance to England and France, in underpinning their revived imperialism, are obvious enough. But what compensatory advantage is accruing to the United States? What it is likely to lose requires no emphasis: it is the possibility of a workable agreement with the peoples of Asia and Africa, and

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the risk of pushing them into the Soviet camp.

No one in their senses will expect, still less desire, a sudden diplomatic revolution or a spectacular reversal of alliances. That is not the issue, and would almost certainly do more harm than good. Change will come less through overt decisions than through the sheer attrition of facts; but it is already clear that there can be no return to the *status quo*. The moral foundation of American policy, which was belief in the rightness of the Western course, has been smashed by Eden and Mollet. Unless American policy can discover new foundations, it will rest on an anachronism. Reorientation will take time, but new points of departure are there. The Egyptian crisis has revealed clearly to the whole world the unreality of current American policy and its failure to keep abreast of changing international events. It also indicates how it may once again be brought into line with facts.

Seven in Death Row . . by J. V. and L. L. HOPKINS

Hartford, Connecticut

WHENEVER the weather was good in the early spring of 1955, William J. Lorain of Providence, R. I., would walk out of his cell in the death row at Connecticut State Prison to an outdoors compound, in the company of a guard. For a half hour, alone, Lorain danced along the wall, shadow-boxing.

At the state Capitol building, only seven miles away on the Conland Highway, Connecticut legislators were in the midst of their biennial session. Among the 3,000 bills before them was House Bill 141, a measure to abolish capital punishment which had been knocking around in one form or another for some time. Prospects for passage were good. Newly-elected Governor Abraham A. Ribicoff had let it be known he would sign it. The Most Rev. Henry J. O'Brien, Archbishop of the Hartford Diocese, had raised his very influential voice in support. The Hartford *Courant*, Connecticut's only newspaper with any real statewide circulation, had been front-paging for seven days an exhaustive series on capital punishment under the title, Should The State Kill?, directing fresh and serious attention to the question and to the presence of the bill at the state Capitol.

Moreover, the state's formidable protagonist of capital punishment, Edward J. Hickey, the long-time and highly respected state police commissioner was now out of the picture. Hickey, who had died in late 1953, had always spearheaded the pro-capital punishment forces at legislative hearings; his prestige at the Capitol had been enormous.

The state stood at a real crossroads. Despite the existence of a capital-punishment law, it had been seven years since Connecticut had put any of its convicted murderers to death. Tenacious lawyers, a succession of governors reluctant to signal an execution, as well as a celebrated, hard-won commutation case had all worked to increase uneasiness about using the waiting electric chair.

But by mid-July, just four months after the introduction of House Bill 141, William J. Lorain and two others who had shared death row with him were put to death in quite rapid succession.

THE REASONS, in the end, were quite simple.

The story the legislators considering H.B. 141 had to work with began roughly in April, 1948, when convicted murderer Robert Bradley of New Haven said, "It was nice of all you people to come and see me go," and settled back in the electric chair to die. Justice, up to and including Bradley's time, had been reasonably speedy. The twelve men put to death in Connecticut's history of electrocution had only an average time of ten and one-half months to wait for the chair.

But on June 7, 1950, a four-year campaign by West Hartford's Aaron B. Cohen began, and the business of getting men to the chair came to a dead halt. Cohen was convinced that the state, on that date, had wrongly convicted Francis C. Smith of slaying a Greenwich watchman. Cohen's crusade ended only when Smith's sentence of death was commuted.

It was in the legislature which followed Smith's conviction that anti-capital punishment adherents achieved their first small victory. The Legislative Council had recommended abolition of the death penalty and its replacement by life imprisonment without parole. The legislature compromised, enacting a law allowing juries to recommend life sentences without pardon in cases of first-degree murder. Previously the death sentence had been mandatory.

Smith was not alone in death row at the time, nor was he alone in obtaining reprieves. The fact is that for seven years, from 1948 until the spring of 1955, when the legislators began debating House Bill 141, the state had called an informal moratorium on electrocutions. Governors Bowles and Lodge both had declined to let executions occur during their terms of office, commuting the death sentence of four men, including Francis C. Smith.

In the fall of 1954, Abraham A. Ribicoff became governor, inheriting the death row with seven convicts in it. Because of the imminent introduction of House Bill 141, Ribicoff ordered stays of execution for all seven.

The debate on the bill opened in late February, and it revolved, in large measure, around these seven men.

Included among them was George M. Dortch of Westerly, R. I. Dortch, then thirty-five, had stabbed a New London girl friend twenty-three times, killing her in the belief she had been unfaithful. His defense had been that he was drunk. On Feb. 23,

J. V. *and* L. L. HOPKINS *are reporters on a Hartford newspaper.*

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1950, he was sentenced. On Feb. 23, 1955, as the legislature got underway, Dortch was still waiting to be taken to the electric chair.

For five years he had sat, stood and slept under the electric lights which forever keep death row from darkness. Guards were in constant attendance. Dortch, like the others, had nothing in his cell with which he could conceivably harm himself: not a radio or even his own shoes, which remained, with the others, in a neat row on one side of the block. When he wanted a cigarette he had to call for a guard to light it.

When what was to have been his final appeal failed, the execution date was set for Feb. 13, 1953, at 10 p.m. That evening, Dortch showered, shaved and received clean clothes. He asked for steak and french fries. Then he was taken to the waiting room off the electrocution chamber, where he settled down with the chaplain.

The chaplain, noting the time, began his talk, pacing it to put Dortch in the best of all possible spiritual conditions by 10 o'clock, when he would be led to the chair.

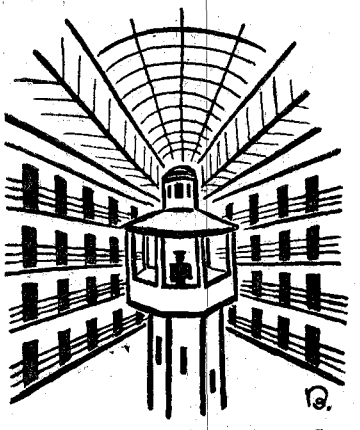
Upstairs in Warden George A. Cummings' office, newspapermen and official witnesses fidgeted and smoked too many cigarettes and waited.

As 10 p.m. drew near, the chaplain was still talking. Ten o'clock came and went, but nobody came for Dortch. The chaplain kept talking as the minute hand crawled around the clock. At 10:10, a messenger was dispatched from the death chamber to Warden Cummings' office. The messenger found that the warden was waiting for word from Governor Lodge. As had happened before under similar circumstances, the governor's office had phoned excitedly to "hold things up for a few minutes" while reports of new evidence were checked.

At 10:25, Governor Lodge ordered a stay of execution. Dortch, near collapse, was led back to death row.

Of Dortch's six condemned fellow-prisoners, two aroused particular repugnance among the legislators considering the anti-capital punishment measure. The two were Robert N. Malm, who had sexually abused and strangled an eleven-year-old Hartford girl, and John B. Donahue of Arlington, Massachusetts, twenty-three-year-old former Boston College student, who killed State Trooper Ernest Morse on the Merrit Parkway, drawing a gun as Morse advanced to question him about speeding.

On March 10, hearings began on House Bill 141. The new state police commissioner, John C. Kelly, several chiefs of police and House majority leader Norman K. Parsells led the pro-capital punishment forces. The police argued that its abolition would invite hired killers and gangsters from nearby New York to take their victims "for



rides" on the parkway into Connecticut. Commissioner Kelly argued that the death sentence acts as a deterrent, discouraging criminals from carrying guns for fear that confusion or passion might drive them to kill. And Parsells, who was viewed as spokesman for both the state's prosecutors and for the Republican Party in the legislature, said capital punishment was needed for the reason that "mad dogs and scorpions" must be exterminated.

The anti-capital punishment forces drew their main strength from the clergy, lawyers and West Hartford's Aaron B. Cohen. A representative of the Connecticut Council of Churches hammered away at the inequities of capital punishment: "Poor and friendless criminals receive the full impact of the death law while the rich and influential can usually escape."

A few days later, the state's six morning newspapers carried the news that a joint judiciary committee had voted a favorable report on H.B. 141. But when the House, under Parsells, recommitted the bill, the picture suddenly changed. The senate judiciary committee issued a compromise proposal: capital punishment should be retained only for killers of police and prison guards. It was this bill which became the first anti-capital punishment measure to reach the floor of Connecticut's legislature. The senate debated it June 3. The vote, in the end, was 36 to 7 against. A companion bill in the House was promptly killed in committee.

THOSE WHO supported capital punishment—whether legislators or constituents—advanced a common, simple theme: capital punishment is a deterrent; it prevents murder. This belief was reflected over and over again in the legislative debates and in letters to newspapers. Only a small number defended it on the biblical ground: "an eye for an eye."

Capitol staff members were convinced that had the matter gone to a statewide referendum, capital punishment would have been overwhelmingly approved. *Courant* reporter Roger Dove, who spent long hours on his newspaper's Should The State Kill? series, found that most citizens—and especially the women—thought the threat of the electric chair was necessary.

One of the most illuminating comments made during the debate came from Stanley Turtletaub, a sociologist at the University of Connecticut. The question of abolition of capital punishment, Turtletaub said, is not dependent on evidence but on the strength of popular sentiment not easily influenced by scientific arguments. The facts, the evidence that homicide rates are unaffected by the death penalty, will be accepted only when the people react emotionally against killing by the state. Turtletaub said: "When society no longer 'likes' the death penalty for murder, it will be removed no matter what happens to the homicide rate. This has been true in the past with such laws as those concerning crimes against property. There is no reason to doubt that the retention or abolition of the death penalty depends almost com-

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pletely on the way that the people feel."

And, Mr. Turtletaub might have added, it is also true that circumstances can conspire to help anti-capital punishment forces. It was no boon to them in Connecticut that at the time the issue came up for debate, death row was filled with seven men convicted of murder—two of them "cop killers."

What happened to these men? Dortch, after being in death row for over five years, received a commutation to life imprisonment. Three —Lorain, Malm and Donahue—were executed. Two others are still appealing their death penalties. And one, Joseph L. Taborsky of Hartford, after a four-year battle, got the State Supreme Court to concede that the evidence which convicted him was given by an insane man. He was freed Oct. 6, 1955.

COURAGE IN ACTION:

On a Florida Newspaper . . by DORA BYRON

Atlanta, Ga.

I CROSSED the bridge over the still, brown water of the Suwannee river and drove fifteen miles through the pine woods and corn fields to Madison, Florida. There was the town, as I remembered it from twenty years before . . . the courthouse square and the pleasant homes along the oak-shaded streets.

I thought of the year I taught in Madison county, and of the stile over which I climbed into the schoolyard, and of the soup that bubbled on the wood-burning stove in the schoolroom. I thought of Saturday nights when I watched the crowds milling about the stores on the square. I remembered that goods from the stores were piled on sidewalk tables, and I remembered the festive mood of the farmers — white and black — who came to town of a Saturday night. It was innocent and gay and folksy and a glimpse of the genuine rural South, I had thought romantically.

Now the square was the same, except for a bit more neon, a bit more fresh paint. Madison looked prosperous and neat, and parking meters marched in a silver line along the main street. Across from the yellow brick courthouse I saw the new monument, a memorial to local World War II hero Colin Kelly. Four winged marble figures representing the Four Freedoms leaned over the inscription.

The "hearing" for Dr. Deborah Coggins was held in that courthouse, practically in the shadow of the monument, I realized. Young Dr. Coggins, mother of three children and wife of a Madison physician, had been health officer for three North Florida counties, including Madison. She was ousted by the three boards of county commissioners in late September.

I stopped at a restaurant on the corner.

"Is this where that county health officer ate with the Negro nurse?" I asked a waitress.

"No'm. That was next door. We don't serve niggers here." The woman looked at me uncertainly. Which side was I on?

"I'm from Atlanta," I explained. "I read about it in the paper."

"Oh." Relief spread over her face. She brought my order of fried chicken and hot biscuits. "That thing sure is getting us in the newspapers," the waitress offered. "Dr. Coggins is a fine doctor, but she didn't need to eat with a nigger that way. She could have talked to her at the office. We had another public-health doctor here who once worked in Africa. He said there wasn't any difference in white and black folks except that one was black and one was white. He soon went back to Africa where he belonged."

"Was that all Dr. Coggins did? Just eat lunch?"

"She never did anything else as I heard about. But I guess you don't eat with niggers up in Atlanta, do you?"

"There are some places in Atlanta where Negroes and whites may eat together, if you know the places," I said. "How's the editor, Mr. Merchant — is that his name? I read that he defended her in his weekly paper, and appeared at the hearing before the Madison county commissioners. Is he losing business?"

"There's plenty that thinks he won't be able to stay here now," she shrugged.

The waitress joined another behind the counter. "That lady's from Atlanta," I heard her whisper. "She said there are places in Atlanta where white and colored folks can eat together."

"No kidding?" The other woman's tone was incredulous.

At the office of the Madison *Enterprise-Recorder* I found T. C. Merchant, Jr., and his father, publishers and editors of the sixteen-

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page weekly. Job printing and an office-supply business had pushed the editorial work into a dusty corner of the small shop. No one ever looked less like a crusader than the affable, heavy-set younger Merchant. He pumped my hand and introduced me to the elder Merchant, whose sage manner and intelligent face reminded me of the late Irvin S. Cobb.

Father and son insisted they were not losing business because of the paper's stand. "We lost four subscriptions, but gained several more; and none of the big advertisers have canceled. However, you know a paper like ours really depends on about fifteen people in a town."

I RODE through Madison with the younger Merchant. The car radio was playing hill-billy music from a local station. A Western movie was showing at the local theatre. I thumbed the latest issue of the *Enterprise-Recorder*. I read that Hunter Kelly had been fined for possession of one gallon of moonshine whiskey. The Assembly of God was planning Sunday School "expansion month." Henry Dickinson was injured in a tractor accident. Merchant pointed out the school, the churches and the pretty new restaurant where the fateful luncheon had taken place the month before. "Dr. Coggins had cleared the plan with the owner, the manager and the waitresses," he said. "She and the Negro nurse came in the back door. They ate alone in a private dining room. They wanted to discuss the problem of securing midwives for Negro patients in the area, and Dr. Coggins had such a busy schedule that it seemed the best time to talk. That was all. The complaints and gossip began. A petition was circulated, asking Dr. Coggins to resign. She apologized, promised that it would not happen again, but that wasn't enough." He pulled some letters from his pocket. "These came today. Since the newspaper stories I have been getting lots of mail . . . and some crank phone calls, too. No one has burned a cross on my lawn yet," he smiled.

One letter was from a friend who had been in service with the forty-year-old Merchant. It commended him for his courage. One was unsigned, and began: "You nigger-loving slob." One was from a minister in Philadelphia, asking: "I would like to know what help the churches gave you on the issue?"

"The church members and the ministers have been quiet," said Merchant. "Everyone is quiet. I have lived in this town all my life, except for the years in Harvard Business School and in service. I thought I knew this town and the people. I don't. The town is like some place I have never seen, and the people I grew up with are strangers. They are scared to death. What are they all afraid of? I don't know, and I can't make them tell me. Madison is a nice town. I can earn a good living here. Even if many of our best young people do leave for the cities, and even if the population is still 4,000 — the same as it was in 1890 — it's still a nice town. I love Madison. It is the only home I ever had. But I wonder if I belong any more?"

We drove down the street toward his home, a modern brick-and-glass building in a row of fine frame houses, some over 100 years old. Across the way was the modern home of Dr. Coggins and her doctor husband. The two homes looked too new, as though they belonged to another time that was pushing into the town.

"Her husband is a native of Madison," said Merchant. "Deborah is an independent, outspoken girl, and the best health officer we ever had. She's from Duke University and the University of Washington, but she has tried to adapt herself to our social mores. She does not belong to the NAACP, or advocate integration in the hospital or the school." The controversial Dr. Coggins is taking a refresher course in obstetrics and plans to go into private practice with her husband, the editor told me. "They intend to fight it out right here, and I know they will both have all the patients they can handle." Then he said:

"When I made my speech to the commissioners October 3 the five men sat there with their hands over their faces. They wouldn't look me in the eye. Then I went home, and the first thing I saw was our Negro maid feeding our four-month-old girl. It went all over me! That was all right! No one would object to that. But I knew at that minute Deborah was being fired because she ate a business luncheon with a Negro. I've never thought much about such things. If I thought at all, it was the way Madison thinks, I guess. Until this came along. Now I remember the town ran a Negro barber out in the thirties because he was making too much money, and I remember there was a lynching in nearby Greenville only ten years ago. Who are these people I live with? I have to argue with my neighbors and my relatives. The society editor of my paper is against me. Of course, I know small towns. They forget quickly. Perhaps this will all blow over, but it has done something to me. . . ."

"You are needed here. Please don't leave," I begged as we said goodbye.

I DROVE away, out onto U.S. 90, where the world whirls through Madison en route from Jacksonville to Tallahassee. I passed the Colin Kelly monument with its winged figures of the Four Freedoms, and passed the two restaurants, one of which once served a Negro woman and a white woman together. I remembered the futile appeal young Merchant had made to the Madison county commissioners: "A physician greater than Deborah Coggins was once criticized for eating with tax collectors and sinners. I am not attempting to make any irreverent comparison, but I sincerely believe that if you fire this girl today you will be doing an evil and unjust act. It is not too late to call a halt to mob pressure and treat this girl with the consideration and respect with which you would want your own wife treated. The eyes of the world are on Madison today. It is up to you, and you alone, to show the world what Southern white men are like."

The five Southern white men voted to fire Dr. Coggins, but another man was seen by the world that day. He was a country editor, T. C. Merchant, Jr. Southern white men can be like that, too, I told myself as Madison, Florida, became a speck in my rear-view mirror.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Optimism of Winston Churchill

THE NEW WORLD: Volume II of A History of the English-Speaking Peoples. By Winston S. Churchill. Dodd, Mead. $6.

By George Dangerfield

IN THE second volume of his *History of the English-Speaking Peoples,* Sir Winston Churchill gallops in a lively though not undignified manner through two centuries of English history, from the victory of Henry VII in 1485 to the flight of James II in 1688.

His title, *The New World,* does not refer particularly, as Americans might assume, to the Western Hemisphere, but to the new horizons which opened out for the English in these centuries. In this it may strike the reader as being somewhat misleading, since Churchill has stoutly purged this world of many of the things on which rest its claims to novelty. It is odd to read about an England in which, so far as the author is concerned, there appears to have been no drama, no poetry, no music, no philosophy and no science. (Or, for that matter—since this book is innocent of social history—no English-speaking peoples.) All this submerged culture Sir Winston represents, grandly though perhaps inadequately, by Hakluyt's *Voyages* and the King James *Bible.*

Churchill has a flair for historical narrative, and even for historical generalization; but his most characteristic discourse is that of a patriotic statesman, exhorting the past to put its best foot forward, scolding it paternally when it seems to falter. The response is at first half-hearted. Tudor England moved from the edge to somewhere near the center of the world map, changed its faith officially four times, knocked out the Armada, and otherwise manifested an active disposition. But its subtleties and refinements of taste, its alternations of Machiavellian and bourgeois statesmanship, its intermingling of melancholy and joy, do not engage Sir Winston's imagination, or suit themselves to his forthright narrative, his wit and his Augustan rhetoric. He produces a collage of pageantry, anecdote and conventional interpretation, and lets it go at that.

WITH THE early Stuarts and the Civil War he is on far more congenial ground. The history of this period can be reduced to certain grand simplicities—the struggle between Roman Law and Common Law, Royal Prerogative and Act of Parliament, Laudian despotism and puritan theocracy. There was always a story-book quality to this passionate phase in the development of the English Constitution, and Churchill does it full justice in a resonant and exciting narrative. He has a tactful, one might almost say a cheery habit of giving good marks to both sides; for *The New World* has now become a Constitutional story book, a tale of emerging liberty, and all the participants, even the most wrong-headed and anti-libertarian of them, can be seen as somehow striving together towards a common beneficent end. That end is the supremacy of Parliament.

Not that Churchill is a determinist; no man, surely, has more faith in the existence and decisiveness of free choice. But he is an optimist where the growth of English liberties is concerned. The ultimate free choice, after the bloodiest struggles, the most cynical and corrupt reactions, is always the best choice. There is much to be said for this point of view, so long as it is not the whole point of view. Churchill's flirtation with historical inevitability is glowingly successful because he ignores or winks at the grosser material factors in the emergence of liberty. The Royal Prerogative, after all, was something more than an offense to the free conscience and the Common Law; it was also a threat to the security of property and a clog upon business enterprise. The disputes between the Presbyterians and the Independents and sectaries were not simply matters of doctrine or religious polity; they were disputes between men who wanted to manage the Crown in their own interests and men who were looking for a radical redistribution of property.

The redistributionists had no chance of success in the seventeenth century; and what little influence they might have had on the subsequent course of events was snuffed out by the Protectorate of Cromwell, who led them in battle and turned against them in peace. The point which Churchill fails to emphasize is that with the Protectorate and on until the Revolution of 1688 the emergence of liberty was accompanied by an absolute suppression of democracy. The cynical awfulness of Charles II's reign, the slimy convulsions which produced the Whig and Tory parties, are responsible for some of his most telling prose, but do not affect his buoyant optimism. True, the convulsions were slimy, but did they not produce an enduring monument in the Habeas Corpus Act? The flight of James II left Parliament in the grip of a landed and commercial aristocracy; but was not Parliament supreme at last? The book ends with a benediction on the dishonest and fugitive James—"he carried with him into lifelong exile an air of royalty and honor." Thus everything turns out for the best in a bad world. In a Constitutional story book one does not speculate on the possibility that things may sometimes turn out for the second-best, if that.

GEORGE DANGERFIELD is the author of The Era of Good Feelings, *which won a Pulitzer Prize in 1953,* Victoria's Heir, The Strange Death of Liberal England *and other books.*

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Small Books for Young Minds

By Marjorie Fischer

I CONSULTED several experts about teen-age books. The first expert said: *(a)* it is not a legitimate form; *(b)* don't use my name; *(c)* you'll get in trouble with the publishers; *(d) we* didn't have teen-age books, but we had Ethel M. Dell. For the benefit of those who came in late, Ethel M. Dell was a novelist who did not write for young girls.

Another expert reminded me that there were a few books for older girls even then: *Anne of Green Gables, A Girl of the Limberlost,* two series about two girls named Patty. About fifteen years ago the spate of these books began and has been going strong ever since. I am told that one of the most successful sold 85,000 copies; it is certain that many bring in solid rewards for all concerned. In the beginning, as we emerged from the Depression, just about every career for women was put into a story. The facts were as accurate as research could make them, but the speed with which these girls got on could scarcely have been more misleading.

Today, teen-age books are supposed to supply a "bridge"—I quote—between books for children and books for adults. In the Donnell Library, in New York, there is a children's book-room and a young people's book-room; the same teen-age books, with rare exceptions, are in both rooms, read by children aged ten to thirteen or fourteen or even older. In the young people's reading-room, 80 per cent of the titles are books written for adults.

MOST of this special category of teen-age books has a "young romance," bearing almost no resemblance to reality. In addition, they deal with special problems of growing girls or (very rarely) growing boys. The girls' problems are usually social: how to get along with boys, how to attract boys, how to live through being temporarily unpopular with boys because of overweight, shyness, the wrong clothes, setting, family income or maybe there just aren't any boys around for a while—until the happy ending: *Will you wear my class ring? Do you know what that means? It means we're going steady;* and the awkward, brief, anything but full-blown kiss.

I read a raft of teen-age books, or it seemed that way. And it was a fair sampling because many of them were one of a series, some of which have no perceptible reason for ever ending. One heroine had four children in a book that was seventh or eighth in a popular and seemingly endless list about the same lady. Maybe she has more children by now; her husband was not present between the first and last chapters, having been off fishing or suffering from TB in the meantime.

Indeed, the incidence of TB in fathers is high, and so is the early death of one parent before the book begins. Such forcible separations vanished long ago from the standard adult-novel formula, but here they are, still going strong. The explanation I was given for the removal of one parent from the marriage bed is that "it puts the girl on her own" and "leaves her to solve her own problem." But in real life the problem is often her situation in the family, and most families include two parents.

Perhaps it is no accident that in a legitimate-on-any-count book called *Fifteen,* by Beverley Cleary (Morrow Junior Books), Jane's parents are both present, active and in good health. The girl's speech has some relationship to our time and her generation. Jane comes home from her first date and thinks that she "had had a good time in a miserable sort of way." When Stan is operated upon for appendicitis, she wonders about sending him some "masculine flowers," and finally consults her mother, though she never agrees with any of her advice. This book is amusing, conveys a sense of reality, and is written in a style which does not loosen the teeth.

Most teen-age books have no style whatever: they are stuck together with any old words and phrases interspersed with vulgarisms lifted from the prose of the "glittery" advertising copywriters. The best thing a girl can be is "glamorous"; the best thing that can happen to her is to have the right boy "intrigued" with her. "The girl [is] as attractive as any magazine advertisement." Her formals are described to the nines; a good thing, too, for character delineation is almost non-existent, and how else could the author stretch the story to novel length?

IN A teen-age book published in 1941, there were Negro servants who had spent their lives tending to the welfare of the family they served; they spoke a made-up and degrading dialect. A book published in 1953 contained an elaborate and illiterate attack on contemporary painting (including most painting for the past fifty years). Sometimes, as I struggled through these books, I marveled at how little one needed to write them, except perhaps energy. A tin ear is no hindrance—"his black tie smirked perkily"—nor are ignorance, superficiality nor lack of talent. William Bolitho said that fairy tales teach the child that the world is a beautiful but not a cozy place to live in; I think it would be fair to say that most of these books teach the opposite.

Now I am coming to another good novelist whose heroines are teen-age girls: Mary Stolz. I read three of her books and found a scrupulous honesty, credible situations, wit and the courage to write about, for instance, a young boy's shame at the thought of meeting his older sister when she returns from her honeymoon. The language is fresh, the observation original and concrete; no sawdust here.

In general, boys are better served, if only because there are almost no books which try to deal with their problems as adolescents. I read with pleasure *Banner in the Sky,* by James Ramsey Ullman (Lippin-

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MARJORIE FISCHER is the author of five books for children (not teen-agers) and a spy novel. She reviews children's books for the New York Times.

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cott), an exciting and graphic story based on the first ascent of the Matterhorn. In *Big Red* (Holiday House), Jim Kjelgard writes of a wise and strong boy of sixteen who knows what he wants but will take less if he must, of a stubborn, loving father, a magnificent red setter and a harsh and beautiful wilderness. Books like these (and I must surely have missed some others) have a certain spaciousness to them; here are no anxious little two-by-four admonitions to conform, conform, conform.

Adolescence is the tough time when we grow up piecemeal and may come home from the library with *Hamlet,* Grimm's *Fairy Tales* and a teen-age book with a father flattened by TB. Not one of these will do any harm; all three may even help, in various ways. I know of only one teen-age classic, and that is *Huckleberry Finn,* and I agree with my first expert that teen-age books are not a legitimate form of fiction. Too much must be left out in order to fit the book into this category. Terrible and tragic situations, stories about children of divorced parents, about Negro children, about real poverty, are given the once-over lightly; the convention calls for such treatment.

JOHN TUNIS, one of the best writers for boys, told a friend of mine this story, and I make bold to repeat it here. One time Mr. Tunis had agreed to speak to a high school where all the students were Negroes. He sat looking out at the eager, bright, brushed and polished children while the principal introduced him. Then he got up to speak, and suddenly he thought of all that these kids must go through during their lives, and he could not get out one word. He turned his back, trying to steady himself, but when he faced the auditorium he still could not speak. The principal rose and put his hand on John Tunis's shoulder, and together they walked up the center aisle out of the auditorium. As they went, all the children rose and applauded.

It seemed to me, reading away, that sometimes the better part might have been silence, instead of all this rushing in.

The Crime of Our Age

COMPULSION. By Meyer Levin. Simon and Schuster. $5.00.

By Charles Shapiro

DURING three days of August 1924, the aged Clarence Darrow stood in an agitated courtroom in Chicago and addressed Judge Caverly. His speech, a plea to spare the lives of two youthful murderers, Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold, Jr., has since been recognized as a masterpiece of pleading for the social outcast. Read today, it still is charged with drama, for Darrow was groping with a strange, new idea—that psychiatric testimony was valid in a court of law, that the criminal must be studied with the same thoroughness as the crime.

But this case is now history, and the immediacy of the thrills which the trial gave America can be recaptured only by scanning the newspapers of the day. Even more vividly than the lurid prose, the photographs bring it all back.* In one we see the two millionaire murderers seated on a bench, watched over by a guard whose face reflects the disgust and high interest which must have been felt by most Americans. Above all, he is quite obviously enjoying himself. His prisoners appear remarkably composed. Leopold Jr., so short that his feet barely tip the floor, is heavy-eyed, brooding. He seems almost the archetype of that fabled race, the Jewish college intellectual with his books, his ugliness, and his proud misery. Loeb is tall, hair glistening, with a sharp, eager look. Today, on any campus, you would immediately place him as a fraternity boy, probably majoring in business administration.

Other snapshots help bring the case alive. Nathan Leopold, Sr. sits straight-backed in the courtroom. One of Loeb's college sweethearts, in the witness chair, is a John Held, Jr. caricature in a cloche hat, except for the dazed eyes.

But the most telling photograph is of Darrow, for in a real sense it was his trial. We see him, tired and shaggy, his finger pointed straight ahead over the seated crowd. It is the classic courtroom pose. We have the photographs, and now we have a novel.

*The photographs referred to are from *The Amazing Crime* and *Trial of Leopold and Loeb.* By Maureen McKernan. Plymouth Press.

Campaign Note

We had expected a long siege, and when
No later than the second day, we saw
Their faces panic and their arms abandon
The wall to our assault, we gasped in awe

At our own strength; nothing could stop us
And we rushed them. Alas, it was no ruse, their defection:
Their defense went down before us, we carried the place
And the day, and the war, it seemed, without opposition.

Yes, they formed behind us, but weaponless, and their faces
Were friendly, our savageries already
Forgotten; they made us laugh with their fat ways;
How could we affront them with formal victory?

Magnanimity was the new vice
They taught us that day, and it was not
The last. Their wives knew tricks, but sons they bore us
Whose features were ours grown soft and legitimate.

One of the fierce but vanishing races
Whom they have absorbed—we should have waited,
ringed round them,
Deadly and patient in our dug places,
And built the big pieces, and slowly crushed them.

W. S. MERWIN

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Meyer Levin, in his fictional documentation of this case did well to include the entire Darrow oration. It becomes the high point of an unusual book, and serves both as a summary and a sermon on the murder that Levin believes was the crime of our century. As Levin puts it:

> Certain crimes seem to epitomize the thinking of their era. Thus *Crime and Punishment* had to arise out of the feverish soul-searching of the Russia of Dostoevski's period, and *An American Tragedy* had to arise from the sociological thinking of Dreiser's time in America. In our time, the psychoanalytical point of view has come to the fore.

So Levin retells the Leopold and Loeb story to recapture a sickness that is part of our times; retells this tale of murder and depravity to teach us about ourselves.

THE story is fascinating—the meeting of the two brilliant boys, one obsessed by the daydream of being a slave to a handsome, muscled master, the other playing with fantasies in which he stars as a criminal mastermind. Each, by himself, was quite functionless; but together, as lovers and friends, they saw themselves as Nietzchean wonders on whom it was impossible to fasten moral guilt.

Levin, like his fictional counterpart in the novel, was an acquaintance of the murderers and covered the trial as a young college reporter. His intimate involvement with his story provides for both the power and the failure of *Compulsion*. In his autobiography (*In Search*) Levin recalls that, for him, the crime and trial, with their ramifications of homosexuality and their reflections on the Jewish community (many Chicago Jews privately expressed relief that the victim was not a gentile), was more than a study of an abstract experiment in morality:

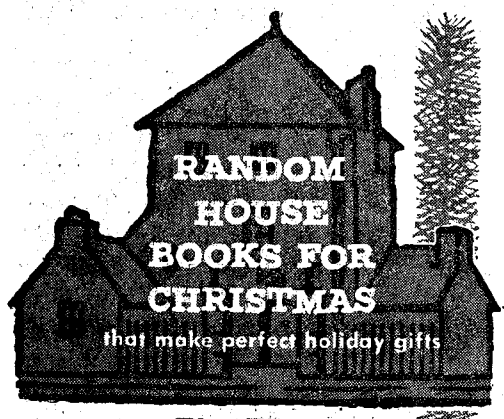
> The murder stood before me as a personal lesson in morality.... In a confused and awed way, and in the momentary fashionableness of "lust for experience," I felt that I understood them, that I, particularly, being a young intellectual Jew, had a kinship with them.

And Levin recalls the father of one of the boys, shaking his head, muttering "Why me? I didn't do anything. Why does it come on me? What did I do?"

Through flashbacks, and especially through the detailed psychiatric evidence presented in court, the theme of the novel, the question of responsibility, comes out. The almost antithetical personalities of the defendants are probed, discussed and analyzed. The terms used are now common to college freshmen, but to 1924 America the evidence was new and revealing.

Taken individually, I suppose everyone in the room would have agreed there was no excuse for the crime. And yet, it was clear that what all hoped for was to hear an excuse, an explanation. This could only be, I

CHARLES SHAPIRO, a member of the Department of English at Wayne University, edited with Alfred Kazin The Stature of Theodore Dreiser.



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suppose, a reflection of some guilt that is in all of us, a fear that in the deepest unknown of ourselves there exist capacities for doing what the boys had done. And from the psychiatrists, from the sages of our time, we hope for what? Reassurance?

Levin is careful to make clear that this new way of looking at criminals brought with it remarkable excesses and over-simplifications. However, from then on Americans would have to face the findings of psychoanalysis as an active part of their lives. It would no longer be easy to brand a criminal as innately evil, nor would the pat sociological explanation seem to cover all the cases. Most frightening of all, Americans began to see, in their children, in their own lives, the potentialities for turning into Leopolds and into Loebs. And if we too could be judged guilty, how guilty were the defendants?

The crime had other meanings. While the arguments against capital punishment were not born in this trial, Darrow's plea for the two boys, in essence a plea against the execution of any unfortunate, was printed in full in many newspapers. Melodramatic, overly poetic, it still remains one of the great humanitarian documents of a battle that continues to be waged.

Levin also sees the crime as one typical of our century by nature of its severe intellectuality and its shocking impersonality. "The Kessler [i.e. Franks] murder was the first to show us how the victim can be chosen at random."

CHOOSING the crime of our time does not mean that you have written the novel of our time. Levin has slapped together a strong indictment of our ignorance, our malice, our inhumanity; but he has done so in what is often painfully awkward, stumbling prose. And the book fails on several other counts. The first half, leading up to the trial, is spotty, utilizing kaleidoscopic flashbacks where a straight bit of chronological reporting would have served. And as Dreiser often failed when he tried to recreate society talk, so Levin's characters are often stiff caricatures, talking like automatic dispensers of jazz age jargon.

The psuedo-documentary methods used have their drawbacks, leading to such passages as: "Going home, Artie was half potted. Judd still felt querulous; the post-coital compound of disgust and remorse was on him, and with it some dreadful unidentifiable anticipation."

The book abounds with examples of annoying kindergarten popularization. "Judd would surrender himself to his excitement, at the same time cursing the terrible need that nature had forced upon an intelligent being, the tormenting, relentless sex need." Or "It is the sex urge that is causing him to endow his reactions with aesthetic value." And "then, when he was nine, Artie's little brother Billy was born. Today we all are aware of the intense difficulty this can make for a child at about this age, though surely not everyone who has a baby brother at nine turns out to be a murderer."

Despite its crudities and its sophomoric air of wisdom, *Compulsion* is a significant and moving work. For, as one of the driven sufferers in *Crime and Punishment* puts it, "though we do talk a lot of trash, and I do too, yet we shall talk our way to the truth at last." In his concern for his story, and in his understanding of the importance of the crime and the trial, Levin is writing his way to the truth. He has given us an important novel.

Lost Man

GIOVANNI'S ROOM. By James Baldwin. The Dial Press. $3.00.

By Nelson Algren

WEARIED of riding joyless seas of alcohol, of wandering through forests of desperate women, plagued by an ennui with a meaning he did not dare divine, David, an American of thirty, goes abroad to find himself; and becomes engaged to a girl named Hella.

While awaiting her return from Spain he feels himself horror-struck, yet strangely drawn, by an image walking through a bar's dull light:

> Someone I had never seen before came out of the shadows toward me. It looked like a mummy or a zombie —this was the first, overwhelming impression—of something walking after it had been put to death. And it walked, really, like someone who might be sleepwalking or like those figures in slow motion one sometimes sees on the screen. It carried a glass, it walked on its toes, the flat hips moved with a dead, horrifying lasciviousness. It seemed to make no sound; this was due to the roar of the bar, which was like the roaring of the sea heard at night, from far away. It glittered in the light; the thin, black hair was violent with oil, combed forward, hanging in bangs; the eyelids gleamed with mascara, the mouth raged with lipstick. The face was white with some kind of foundation cream; it stank of powder and a gardenia-like perfume. . . .

An image of himself from which he had been in flight all his life, the American had found himself at last.

And though he battles the terrifying change in himself by going with a woman of the streets, the American loses the battle. When his fiancée returns, the death of love sets in:

> Her underclothes, drying in the bathroom, which I had often thought of as smelling rather improbably sweet . . . now began to seem unclean. A body which had to be covered with such catty-cornered bits of stuff began to seem grotesque. . . .

His fingers involuntarily losing their hold on the girl, the American feels himself dangling from a high place, as if he had been clinging to her for his very life. As his fingers slip he feels the roaring air beneath him and everything in him contracting, crawling furiously upward against that long fall.

"*Viens*" says Giovanni.

And when David tells the boy they cannot live together because he, the American, is in love with a woman, the boy replies, "You do not love anyone. You love only your purity. You want to be *clean*."

This novel is more than another report on homosexuality. It is the story of a man who could not make up his mind. One who could not say Yes to life. It is a glimpse into the special Hell of Genet, told with a driving intensity, its horror sustained all the way.

NELSON ALGREN is the author of The Man With the Golden Arm *and* A Walk on the Wild Side.

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

AUNTIE MAME (Broadhurst Theatre) by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, based on the novel by Patrick Dennis, is a series of blackouts or revue sketches in the spirit of *New Yorker* cartoons. It deals with an eccentric lady whose dizzy and slightly dazzling career is of little usefulness except for the amusing anecdotes her personality provides. Several of these sketches are funny and the show as a whole —with ingenious sets by Oliver Smith—is well produced, most of the casting being highly expert in its choice of types. I liked best Peggy Cass as a daffy secretary named Gooch and Joyce as a blondè pain-in-the-neck from Darien, Conn.

I found myself somewhat fatigued and depressed after the pummeling of so many gags, even though some were good. I have the impression, when a company of friends spend all their time telling one another jokes, that they have nothing to say to one another. The same is true of a show: this is comedy with a hole in it—where a head or a heart ought to be. *Auntie Mame* is held together by that expert, swanky comedienne and nice girl, Rosalind Russell.

I WAS interested and entertained by Rodney Ackland's adaptation of a play—*Diary of a Scoundrel*—by Alexander Ostrovsky—"father" of the Russian drama (1823-88). Such plays are very difficult for Americans: their combination of Slavic folksiness à la Gogol with touches of Molière and Balzac are remote in style and point of view from our playgoing public, and particularly from our reviewers.

Considering the hazards, the Phoenix Theatre production, directed by Alan Cooke, was remarkably good. The entire cast—and particularly Mike Kellin—managed very well the broad, highly colored strokes needed for such comedy.

It seems that the first night audience at Terence Rattigan's *The Sleeping Prince* (Coronet) froze with the kind of special snobbishness which afflicts lowbrows when they are in the mood to be highbrows. They not only refrained from laughter, they behaved as if their common diet was Congreve, Wycherly, Shaw, Sheridan and Maugham. This harrowed the actors—with results which can be imagined.

The Sleeping Prince is a sort of charlotte russe comedy about royalty of a bygone era—I'm sorry I wasn't there—and a chorus girl from the jolly Broadway of 1910. It is certainly inconsequential and at its worst need arouse no one's indignation. I found a good deal of it pleasant and some of it witty. The physical production is not all it might be, and the casting is spotty. Michael Redgrave tends to strain (partly perhaps because of his dual responsibility as director-star) but there is much character sense to be admired in his performance. Barbara Bel Geddes is darling as the chorus girl, though she still has to learn how to employ her endowments to characterize beyond herself. Cathleen Nesbitt as a Grand Duchess has the most deftly written part, and plays it with canny assurance.

THE best acting of the season was offered by the cast (Luther Adler, Sylvia Sidney, Jack Warden, Jack Klugman, Will Kuluva, Carl Low) of *A Very Special Baby*—done to death after five performances by negligent reviews. The play by Robert Allan Aurthur (his first) was a rather primitive but respectably honest piece of realism about the effect of a selfish father on his Italian family. I am not much interested in such plays nowadays—for I seek poetry, ideas, theatrical vivacity from my drama—but in this instance I was held by the force, simple truth and palpable humanity of this company's playing under Martin Ritt's sound direction. Elia Kazan's name was mentioned in connection with Mr. Ritt's direction because the actors sometimes raised their voices and were intense. This sort of off-hand comment is irrelevant: one might point out that people even outside of Italian (or Jewish) families have been known to raise their voices and become intense at critical moments of their lives. What I should like to add is that not only many contemporary American plays require such treatment as Mr. Ritt's company gave *A Very Special Baby*, but that elements of such acting might also benefit many a production of Shakespeare. The stage is not a drawing room.

Perhaps it will be no surprise to you, if you know Al Capp's *L'il Abner*, that its characters bear such names as Moonbeam McSwine, Earthquake McGoon, and Appassionata von Climax, or that they are to be found in the town of Dogpatch, U.S.A. A goofy musical has been made of it (St. James Theatre) with

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a book by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank and lyrics by Johnny Mercer.

It is a paean in praise of backwardness, idleness and general no-accountism. But its distinguishing feature is frenetic energy. As I watched the amazing people who dance, sing, crawl, fly and jump in it, I thought how an English or a French audience would react to it. They would greet it with horrified delight. For it seems that with the energy expended in this show one might build a brave new world overnight. It is almost a pity to waste such whirling power on a mere show.

But it is a good show. Its hero is the dervish Michael Kidd who choreographed and directed it. Everyone is infected by his galvanic humor and contributes to the fun.

TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

WHEN a social scientist of the future examines the American scene of today, one of the reflections of us that will come under his scrutiny will be our television programs. And as he fits together the crazy quilt of mad money quiz shows, Elvis, super-spectaculars, Omnibus, news commentators and the rest of it, we will rise from our celluloid ashes to amaze him. For television does reflect us to a certain extent. It does not reflect our most advanced tastes or interests, but it is a measure of what concerns and interests most Americans. Planned many, many months in advance, TV programs are not idiosyncracies of the moment, but staples of our life.

When in the course of one week, two important CBS documentaries devote themselves to our preparations for atomic warfare, they indicate a trend of thought which is now taken for granted.

> This is air power in the sixth decade of the twentieth century. Air power — the greatest threat to the civilized world. Air power—the guardian of the peace, and one of the greatest hopes of mankind.
>
> The Nautilus is not simply another new submarine . . . she's a new weapon, and she may have just as profound an effect on naval tactics and strategy as the airplane has had on war.

Thus the power of the atomic age was argued in the opening show of the 26-part *Air Power,* and in *See It Now's* "Revolution in the Navy" which will be concluded in a second show in January. Both were important factual television that revealed socio-political facts about us; both carried a heightened wallop, coming as they did in the midst of the Middle East crisis which made the possibility of the war they described seem so close.

"The Day North America is Attacked," *Air Power's* premiere, showed what would happen at the Continental Air Defense Command in case of a nuclear assault on this continent. Although reminiscent of Orson Welles' historic attention-getter, it was an effective exposition of how the air force works. I cannot judge how good or bad it showed our defenses to be; I do know that there seemed to be an inordinate amount of telephoning back and forth, complicated conversations, from echelon to echelon, in military gobbledey-gook—"Suntan angel over," "Roger over," etc. The top brass airmen were painfully subject to camera terror, but this is no doubt irrelevant to their performance in a shooting war. I have seen previews of some of the ensuing installments of the series in which it gets down to the business of telling the story of flight and twentieth century man. The premise is that what happens in the sky reflects the ground below. The airplane is, in effect, the narrator and the 20th century the subject. Such chapters as "Fools, Daredevils and Geniuses" and "The 1930s," to come later this month, seem contrived and stiff in their effort to support the thesis with shots of stunt pilots interspersed with dance marathons, baling-wire planes with flagpole sitters.

The best part of the series is the hard core films such as tomorrow's (Sunday) "Pearl Harbor," next Sunday's "The Battle of Britain" and the remarkable "Ploesti" which shows the costly errors of attack and the ultimate destruction of this single richest target in Europe. It is not hard to understand why talented young producer Perry Wolf sugar-coated his story; he was faced with weaning his audience away from the soporific pleasantries of Sunday night TV. But I think he would have done better to discard his rather fancy theme and gamble on the ability of the American mind to absorb his top-flight picture story without the diluting frills.

PERHAPS that is just the reason why *See It Now* is invariably enlightening and in this instance a brilliant picture essay. Producers Murrow and Friendly are not much for dressing up a story; their skill is in editing their material down to its essence, assuming that the viewer is entitled to dignified and decent journalism. Where *Air Power* does not quite dare to trust the basic goods to carry the series unsupported, *See It Now* always does and as a result is by far the most effective news show on TV. In "Revolution in the Navy," Murrow and Friendly have chosen a subject which holds much interest for a public whose money is buying the fantastic new tools of war, a gadget-minded public which would in any case be intensely curious about atomic wizardry. Within the limits of security, the show submits the Navy to the same skillful examination that it has given to many subjects. The report was electronic journalism at its highest level.

A penetrating Murrow interview with Admiral Hyman Rickover recalled the memorable one with J. Robert Oppenheimer. Far from the fruitless palaver of *Person to Person,* Murrow, in the setting of *See It Now* and with the guidance of Fred Friendly, has found ways to reveal the deep passion of a man's mind and at the same time let us know something of the kind of person he is. Unsmiling, hard-hitting, direct and thoughtful, the Admiral, who is

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260 Years in Prison and $130,000 in Fines

For Opposing the Korean War

FROM 1945 to 1953 John W. Powell, an American newspaperman edited the *China Monthly Review,* which his distinguished father had helped establish in Shanghai 37 years before.

He was assisted by his wife, Sylvia Powell and by Julian Schuman. The magazine ceased publication in 1953 and the Powells and Schuman returned to the United States. Since then they have been harassed by government agencies and called before the Senate Internal Security Sub-Committee. Pressure on the Justice Department was applied publicly by senators Jenner and Welker who demanded their prosecution. In April all three were indicted under the World War I "sedition" act.

Passed by Congress to silence *written* and *spoken criticism* of the First World War, this statute has been consistently opposed by the American Civil Liberties Union and other groups concerned with safeguarding our Constitutional freedoms.

★

THE *China Monthly Review* did not approve of the Korean conflict. (Neither did millions of other Americans.) The *Review* sought the most reliable news it could find, published it in good faith.

The *Review* stated that it believed the United States Government responsible for serious misconduct in Korea, thereby causing the needless deaths of thousands of Americans and Koreans. It published detailed charges on the use of bacteriological warfare and editorialized on them. It warned that unless there was a change in U. S. policy, America's good name in Asia would be blackened for years to come.

In the 13 counts against Powell under this highly penal statute, 10 charge that he knowingly published false material to interfere with the military effort in Korea. However, two of the counts do not make truth an issue but state, in effect, that publication of the material, whether true or false, would tend to hinder military efforts. One charge is that the *Review* said the Chiang Kai-shek government was "corrupt." An over-all conspiracy count accuses the Powells and Schuman with "conspiring" to commit all the offenses charged against Powell.

No acts are charged, other than publishing and circulating a magazine. No statements are charged, other than those published in the magazine. No military secrets are involved. The publication dealt only with topics upon which the public should be fully informed—material which was widely published in other countries.

★

THE STATEMENTS at issue cover a three-year historical period in world events in which charges and counter-charges were made in a heated way on both sides. In effect a period of history is on trial. The true facts about Korea may not be known for generations to come. Is a jury a competent body to give at this time a historical judgment?

This is a dangerous extension of the war-time sedition law for this is its first application to an undeclared war. The Department of Justice maintains that the statute is in effect whenever the United States is at war and the term "at war," it is argued, covers "all situations where the United States is actually involved in armed conflict. . . ."

If this interpretation is allowed to stand, *any* American who disapproves of the use of U. S. troops *anywhere in the world* and expresses his disapproval in a way which *may be construed* as "undermining morale," is liable to prosecution! You keep your opinions to yourself—or you face 260 years in prison and $130,000 in fines, like John Powell.

If you believe in responsible journalism and the right to publish any honestly-held opinion, you must support the Powells and Julian Schuman—*They need your help.* You do not need to agree with their views. But they hope you will agree that they have a right to hold and express their own, independently arrived at opinions. This, they believe, is an American birthright.

Send your contribution today to the Powell-Schuman Defense Fund, Charles Mattox (Treasurer), P.O. Box 1808, San Francisco 1, Calif.

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known as the father of the atomic navy, dealt with the significance of the new tools of war. Quite unexpectedly to those of us who did not know him, he came up with one of the most forceful statements I have heard about the importance of education in a society where ". . . for the first time in history, man holds in his own hands the possibility of changing his environment. He's attempting to do God's work and God help us if he does not do it wisely." The tour of the atomic-powered submarine "Nautilus" made Rickover's talk even more vivid, as did a breath-taking sequence of the sub "Barbaro," surfacing in less than a minute and releasing the guided missile Regulus.

Television is respected when it has the integrity of a *See It Now;* respected not only by the viewers but by the network which has long championed it, and by sponsors who have had the intelligence to demonstrate their sponsorship in the best sense of the word. Shulton Inc., toiletries manufacturers—hardly a dramatic subject—had the vision to buy *See It Now*. Pan-American Airways have bought it for 1957. The National Education Association has announced a new plan whereby classroom guides will be distributed in schools throughout the country for direction in discussing *See It New* programs viewed at home. With such examples of good sense, TV and the public take a step ahead.

MUSIC

B. H. Haggin

THE much-written-about Maria Callas has made her first appearances at the Metropolitan, exhibiting a voice that has lost most of what caused so much to be written about her. The recordings of the last couple of years have documented the deterioration in that remarkable voice; and by now its original bloom and loveliness are gone, it has a bad wobble, and as often as not it produces a climactic high note off pitch. That is what one heard during much of the Metropolitan's third performance of *Norma;* but in an occasional quiet phrase employing its lower range the voice approximated its former beauty. And all the singing, whether agreeable or not in quality of sound, still exhibited Callas' unfailing sense and concern for continuity and shape of the musical phrase, which at times was very exciting.

IN THE Metropolitan her singing did not project the compelling power that it does at microphone-range on records. Nor did she, on the stage, radiate any of the force of personal presence or dramatic projection that her carefully studied poses and movements were evidently meant to convey. They were meant also to make the performance a prima-donna-assoluta-grand-style operation; and in this too they failed. All this was bad enough; but what was appalling was the audience's response to it: the same storms of applause, the same cheers and yells as for the successful operation of a Melba, a Lehmann, a Flagstad.

NOR DID this happen only with Callas. In the *Norma* performance one heard also the frayed, rough, coarse bass of Siepi, the unpleasantly rasping tenor of Del Monaco, the contralto of Barbieri, beautiful in quality, but shattered a good deal of the time by tremolo; and each elicited the storm of applause, the cheers and yells. We have, then, not only a deterioration in performance, but a deterioration in public taste that is to some extent responsible for it: not only does the Metropolitan offer performances with singers some of whom would not have appeared on its stage forty years ago, but it does so because, for one thing, the public goes into frenzies over a Del Monaco or a Harshaw today as it did over Caruso and Destinn forty years ago. Nor does the public behave in this way because it isn't acquainted with beautiful voices and great singing: it hears Steber, Bjoerling, de los Angeles, Valletti.

The Vienna State Opera performance of *Cosi fan Tutte* on London XLLA-32 has excellent singing by Della Casa, Christa Ludwig, Loose, Dermota, Kunz and Schoeffler with the orchestra and chorus under Karl Boehm. But for every good singer in this performance last year's Angel recording offered an even better one —Schwarzkopf for Della Casa, Merriman for Ludwig, Lisa Otto for Loose, Simoneau for Dermota, Panerai for Kunz, Bruscantini for Schoeffler. Moreover, the Angel cast sings not only with more tonal beauty but with greater refinement of style; the Angel records reproduce the ear-ravishing vocal and instrumental textures with greater clarity and without the distortion of vocal sound that occurs a few times in the London recording; von Karajan's conducting gives the Angel performance more animation and grace; and this performance omits only Ferrando's aria *"Ah, lo veggio,"* whereas the London omits two additional arias and cuts a number of other arias and ensembles.

In the *Don Pasquale* on Epic SC-6016 Bruna Rizzoli's soprano voice is unpleasantly sharp-edged and shrill; Valdengo's baritone has little of its former beauty; Capecchi's bass is more agreeable but constricted; and the one good voice of the performance is Munteanu's light tenor, which he uses with admirable phrasing and style. Molinari-Pradelli conducts the orchestra and chorus of Naples' San Carlo Theatre.

On Victor LM-6047 are two of Strauss's best pieces of operatic writing, the finale of *Salome* and the scene of Elektra and Orestes from *Elektra,* with two additional excerpts from *Elektra,* in which I still hear only prodigious technical mastery going through the motions, but not achieving the reality, of creation. The performances offer superb singing by the soprano Inge Borkh and, in the *Elektra* excerpts, good singing by Schoeffler but tremulous shrieking by Yeend, with powerful orchestral contexts provided by Reiner with the Chicago Symphony. On the fourth side is the orchestral suite from *Le Bourgeois gentilhomme.*

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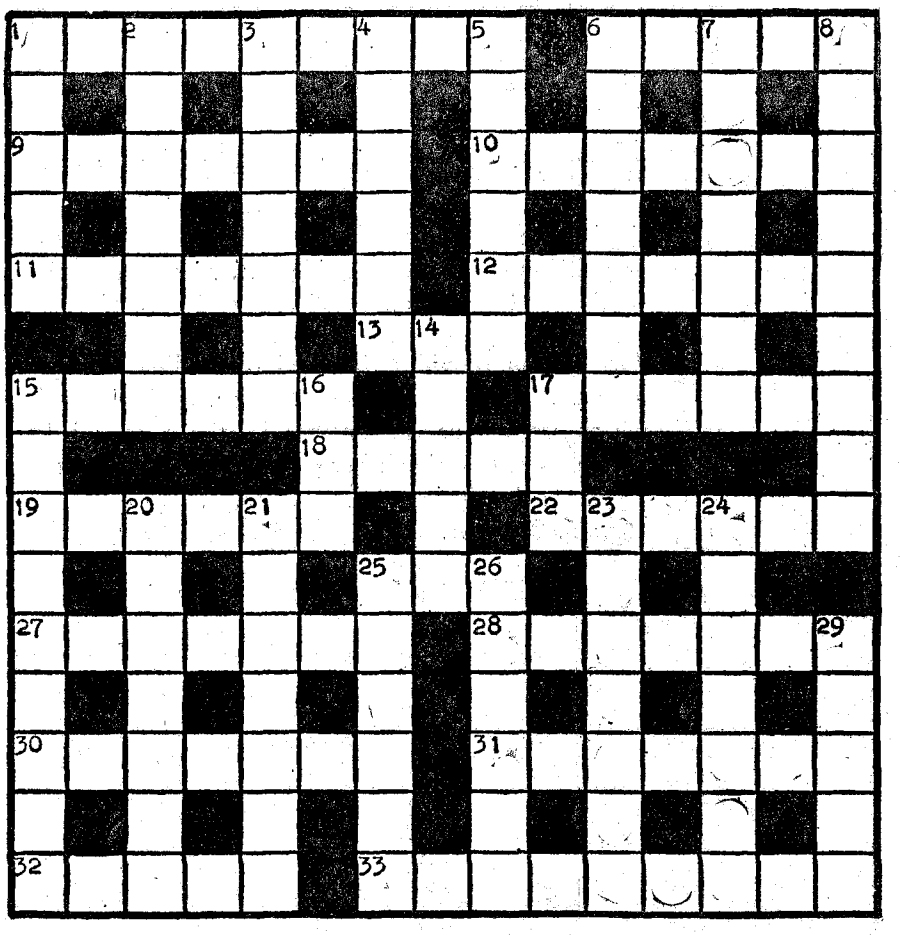
Crossword Puzzle No. 700

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 They control the direction of the shell. (9)
6 Relating to the third degree. (5)
9 A German diet consists of ground game. (7)
10 A piratical body might have hung around here. (7)
11 The sort of head-gear, apart from other things, found on the River Shannon. (7)
12 Noxious. (7)
13 Yield under pressure to a tale with-without a tail. (3)
15 You might find it nice and prompt. (6)
17 It has lens-shaped seeds. (6)
18 and 22 Such an engine might serve as a safety precaution for the hot-tempered. (5-2-4)
19 What might be stuck in the shelter is descriptive of 17 across. (6)
22 See 18 across.
25 Might be an eye-sore in more than one way. (3)
27 What a dog might do with a bird. (7)
28 Set forth. (7)
30 Just as much, and no more. (7)
31 Sending news, perhaps, that the royal family is about to get sick. (7)
32 Emblems of Wales sound as though they wouldn't be welcome in the boat. (5)
33 It's more rational to return to money, when reproduced. (9)

DOWN:

1 Would Alice be Johnson's sort of girl? (5)
2 Yellowish. (7)
3 See 4 down.
4, 3, and 5 down Obiously the dumb thing leaves us like this. (2, 4, 7, 6)
5 See 4 down.
6 The running type is coming up in the bend. (7)
7 Confirm the listener in the contest. (4, 3)
8 Driven. (9)
14 To hand out arbitrarily. (5)
15 Unemployed big shot? (4, 5)
16 She might introduce an important occasion. (3)
17 A wreath of Romanian money. (3)
20 The jokester's guide to restrictive legislation? (3,4)
21 Shown by some as lesions. (7)
23 Found in rings at times, but purely relative in sleep. (7)
24 Pimpernel has been so described. (7)
25 He might do away with one in relays. (6)
26 The old sign of attendants. (6)
29 One or two, for example, commonly understand it. (5)

(See solution to last week's puzzle at right)

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SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 699

ACROSS: 1 AND 13 LIGHT AS A FEATHER; 4 BUBBLE GUM; 9 DISREPAIR; 10 TASKS; 11 EXERTIONS; 12 ERICA; 17 MANAGERIAL; 21 RIPER; 22 CHALLENGE; 23 SERVE; 24 OVIPAROUS; 25 ADDRESSEE; 26 SISAL. DOWN: 1 LADDER; 2 GASKET; 3 TWENTY; 4 BOA CONSTRICTORS; 5 BIRDS OF PARADISE; 6 LUTHERAN; 7 GAS LIGHT; 8 MISCARRY; 14 AMBROSIA; 15 INSPIRED; 16 AGGRIEVE; 18 GLOATS; 19 SNOODS; 20 TEASEL.

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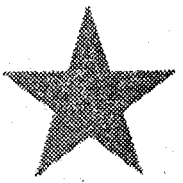

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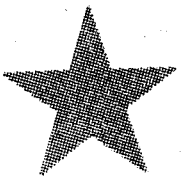
"The Postman Always Rings 52 Times!"



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